THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 73.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 95.

THE CHARACTER OF SAINT PAUL.

CONCLUDED.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth would hear, approve and own—
Paul should himself direct me.
COWPER.

THERE is evidence of greatness and magnanimity in the character of St. Paul. A noble and disinterested spirit evidently predominates as the principle of his actions; no little acts of meanness and revenge, no humble gratification of those passions, which occasionally in the best of men vanquish their reason, interrupt the dignity of his character; his life constantly discloses a superiority of mind that disdains to notice an enemy except for the benevolent purpose of exhibiting those virtues in his favour, which must ensure his future friendship and regard.

In dignity of character, history presents us with no parallel for St. Paul. If a great man struggling with the storms of fate be an object the gods behold with pleasure, Paul must have been recognized with peculiar approbation. He never for a moment forgets the religion of which he was a minister, nor the consequence, to which his office laid claim. Before prejudiced rulers and determined enemies, before magistrates, who violated the purity of their judicial robes to punish and oppress him, and in the centre of a factious and dissolute mob, who had no morality to appeal to, no eye to see, nor understanding to learn, who were governed only by a blind and brutal superstition, which sought its victims with voracity, and would have immolated them with delight, we find the same noble superiority of mind, the same glowing enthusiasm in the cause to which he was devoted; the same contempt of danger, of suffering and of death.

There is a force and dignity in his manners, which awe the restless turbulence of the multitude and intimidate the abandoned profligacy of the magistrate. Though brow-beaten by authority and despised and ridiculed by power, he still retains the consciousness of his own dignity, "he speaks as one having authority," as one born to command.

With these dignified and honourable points in his character, this venerable father of the church was designated by those kind and endearing manners, those soft and tender emotions, which spoke an acquaintance with the best feelings of the heart. In every epistle and in every discourse there are manifestations of that humane and generous sympathy, of that tender and ingenuious friendship, which is the certain

companion of virtue. We have upon record the testimony of his private friendship. His public life exhibits one continued scene of charity and benevolence.

But great as were the virtues we have enumerated in the character of this first herald of Christianity, it is as a minister of religion that we are to contemplate him to the most advantage. It was only "a preacher such as Paul" that could have commanded the pride of the epicurean and the authority of the stoic, that could have awed the insolence of the pharisee and attracted the concern of the publican, that could have drawn magistracy from its seat of office and labour from its daily avocations, that could have enforced the attention of an auditory superstitiously attached to the antient forms of their worship and regarding with the eye of malignant jealousy every innovation on accustomed forms. Wonderful must have been the power and energy of that language, to which the polished people of Athens would have listened with regard, when its object was to sacrifice their national religion; forcible the manners, and irresistible the arguments, which would have made the highest judicial officer of the country tremble on his bench when an unfriended prisoner was conducting his defence.

The dissemination of our holy religion was in the first instance wisely entrusted to the illiterate peasantry and fishermen of Judea, but in the person of Paul it had an advocate worthy of the cause. "Bred at the feet of Gamaliel" he undoubtedly was conversant with all the learning of the age, with the subtlety of the schools and the acuteness of scholastic literature.

We discover this fact in his speeches and epistles, in the fertility of his invention, the various and happy illustrations by which his doctrines are explained, by his clear and perspicuous arrangement, and by his close, argumentative, precise and logical reasoning. If to these intrinsic and indisputable talents, whose evidence still remain in the volume of inspiration, we add that bold and commanding manner of elocution and those graces of eloquence, which were so well suited to the matter and the theme, we may be able to form some idea of the preaching of St. Paul.

We have been used, as it were prescriptively, to search the heathen volumes of antiquity for the models of correct taste and elegant composition. St. Paul was a scholar of the same age and the same learning as Pliny, Tacitus and Quintilian, and had probably been conversant with whatever treasures the genius of antient wisdom had bequeathed to mankind. He had drank at the same fountains and wandered on the margin of the same streams; and his naturally bold and daring intellect could not but have profited by the same means which raised these admired ancients to fame.

Does the circumstance of his being *a Christian* diminish from his scholastic honours? Turn over the pages of your favourite authors and produce a more full, perfect or logical argument than is presented by the deep, theological discussion of the apostle. Let a passage be produced comparable in eloquence with his description of the time, when "this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality, and *we shall be changed*;" or if the original greatness of his mind is here attributed to the new and awful sublimity of his theme, let a parallel passage be produced from the speeches of the most celebrated orators, which

shall compare with his address to the Athenians, his appeal to Agrippa, or his argument before Felix.

To the acquirements of ancient wisdom the apostle added the inspiration of Christianity, and with the natural zeal of a bold and vigourous understanding, he connected the enthusiasm produced by the promulgation of eternal truth. "If," to advert to then prevalent mythology, "he was not born upon Hybla, the bees must have found him in his infancy and distilled the honey of persuasion on his lips."

St. Paul is very justly considered the model of modern theologians. They may very safely imitate the subject on which he discoursed, and the warm, eloquent and impressive manner in which he enforced them.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear;
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel wispers peace.

It will be perceived that in our view of the character of the great teacher of Christianity, we have traced out those features, which properly belong to him as a man, without meddling with doctrinal points of faith, which theologians refer to, as particularly evidenced in his life. The character of St. Paul is much esteemed by various sectaries who draw from it the sanction of their favourite tenets. With these however we have nothing to do. We have considered him as an individual celebrated for the space, which he fills in the eye of the universe, and distinguished not merely for his agency in the great work of revelation, but for those original and commanding traits of character, which disconnected from his official avocations would command universal admiration.

E.

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

From the French of Mons. De Belleforest.

(Concluded from p. 437.)

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligimus.

At length breaking silence, You are then dearest Emily (said he) henceforth to be a stranger to your faithful Camillus. I shall loose you forever. They have sacrificed to a vile and unfeeling prejudice two hearts united in the most durable affection. Wherefore have they permitted me to live? Why rather not leave me in my original obscurity, where I should never have known those virtues, which I can now only adore without the power of possessing? I have cherished life only to devote it to you. It becomes insupportable when I am no longer permitted to hope that it can be connected with your own.

Emily raised her fine love-speaking eyes, mildly glistening through her tears on the impassioned Camillus, but she could reply to him only by sobs. It was a moment of lovely languor; the cruel idea of eternal separation was the sole tenant of their minds, and grief rendered the heart less secure by drawing closer the chords of mutual confidence. Camillus almost involuntarily laid his head on her shoulder and enfolded her in his arms. Her bosom swelling with agitation and dividing the thin drapery which shaded it, seemed to invite the liberty of a parting kiss. His burning lips fastened on her lovely, crimson-coloured neck and a new sensation ran through their veins. Camillus grew bolder, he seemed as if excess of

feeling had made him delirious. Emily confused, agitated by a thousand contending emotions, wrought almost to agony by the cruel perspective of her fortune, and feeling at the same time an unbounded confidence in the generosity of her lover, opposed his efforts with but a feeble resistance.

Virtue faints, the voice of honour is neglected. Love triumphs and Camillus is happy.

Emily awoke with horror at the idea of her situation, but the regrets of repentance were stifled by the artful ingenuity of Camillus, who took on himself the censure that should partly have attached to herself. It was nearly morning when they separated, having bound themselves in an oath of eternal affection and contrived the means of future intercourse.

One step may carry us beyond the limits of virtue but the return to her path is seldom effected without difficulty and pain.

Facilis est descensus Averni.
Sed revocare gradum—Hic opus, hic labor est.

Scarcely had Camillus retired to his chamber, when the whole house were in motion for the approaching nuptials. Emily like a lilly, whose stork is broken by the shower, fair yet frail, broken yet beautiful, was summoned to the awful sacrifice. Cleon lead his victim to the altar and there—he received her hand. Did he imagine that he had obtained her heart? He knew she had bestowed it on another; what had he done to merit the gift, if it had been in her power to reclaim it? A vile and mercenary calculation was the rule of his conduct. He had reckoned on her as a profitable bargain, and been influenced by the same motives that operate in the purchase of a farm, or the sale of a jewel. He considered her an advantageous acquisition. Alas! is it to be regretted that he was so much deceived? And are there not now among us very many Cleons? very many imprudent and mercenary men, who without deigning to inquire the disposition, or wishes of the female whom they are about to be united with, deem it sufficient to have the sanction of parental authority, which is not unfrequently grossly abused; or at least many who persuade themselves they are in love with the person and mind of the lady, and yet calculate her charms by the extent of her possessions, and estimate her loveliness *by livres-turnois?*

The marriage of Cleon and Emily was celebrated with the utmost magnificence and splendor. She appeared less melancholy than before, and Cleon congratulated himself as the author of the happy change. But he was not long permitted to indulge the pleasing delusion. Emily in bidding adieu to Camillus betrayed some tender emotions, which could not escape notice. Cleon was naturally suspicious, and it would not have been necessary to have found any real cause, to have inspired him with jealousy. He therefore expressly commanded his wife never again to suffer a visit from Camillus. There were however reasons sufficient to induce her to disregard this command of her lord.

The old nurse was charged with frequent messages; she gave Camillus notice at what hours Cleon would be from home, and at what times he might conveniently occupy his place. The intrigue was conducted with all possible secrecy but not so that Cleon was kept entirely from suspicion.

About three months after their marriage business called him to the city of Arezzo, in consequence of which

pected to be detained two or perhaps three nights. This arrangement was communicated to Camillus by the attentive Emily, who invited him to assist her in dissipating the ennui of this little widowhood, and it may be easily supposed he was too gallant to decline her invitation.

When Cleon arrived at the mansion of his father-in-law, at Arezzo, he found all the house in alarm at the absence of Cleon, whom they were apprehensive had met with some unlucky accident. The poor husband was more struck by his absence than any other person, but the cause of his inquietude was different, as he supposed himself rather than Camillus, to be the object of pity. Without therefore losing time in useless conjectures he returned immediately to his villa. The lovers had so little regarded the flight of time as not to have separated when he arrived. By a little artifice, to which the ingenuity of the female mind is always adequate, the certain proofs of infidelity were concealed and the escape of Camillus effected in security from the determined and fatal revenge of the enraged and injured Cleon.

But the father of Emily indignant of the conduct of Camillus, upbraided him in severe terms for his extreme ingratitude, reproached him with the insiduousness and meanness of his conduct and obliged him to quit both his house and the city.

The unfortunate and guilty Camillus took the road to Florence ignorant of the way and without any determinate object. About two leagues from Arezzo, he was attacked by six assassins who pressed on him with rapidity and force. Camillus, young, active and courageous, resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, he struck one of them dead at his feet, and grievously wounded two of the others, but their superiority of force at length prevailed, and overpowered by numbers he fell covered with wounds, breathing his last sigh in a prayer for the happiness of Emily.

The report of this assassination; in which it was generally supposed Cleon had a part, was rapidly promulgated, and he himself found a cruel pleasure in communicating it to his wife.

She had borne with astonishing equanimity the disgrace he had heaped upon her, but when she found herself the cause of her lover's death, she no longer kept any restraint on her feelings but abandoned herself to the most violent dispair.

"Wherefore, cried she, dearest of my friends, hast thou quitted this stage of existence and hast not taken me with you to the arms of the grave? I am no longer able to support the horrid idea. Our cruel enemies have made fruitless efforts to separate us but I know well enough how to rejoin your blessed society. And you, Barbarian! said she, addressing herself to Cleon, who art the witness of my misery and my shame, has your conscience no reproach for having broken those knots, which love the most sacred had formed? If you had possessed delicacy sufficient to have inquired my sentiments before you had compelled me to this odious marriage, my candor should have discovered to you that another was in possession of my heart; my esteem should have rewarded your generosity; but you condescended to make a dishonorable trafic of an engagement the most holy, and never deigned to consult me on the most important event of my life. Ah cruel wretch, your views are

accomplished; your malignant spirit may rejoice at the meanness of having rendered me miserable, but you shall not long have me as a witness of your triumph. At this moment seizing a knife, she would have plunged it in her bosom if Cleon had not sprung rapidly to seize her hand. From that instant she determined to take no kind of nourishment. In a few days she appeared but the miserable vestige of her former beauty; her whole body was emaciated, her eyes, formed to carry shafts of love, now scarcely glimmer, and inspire no other emotion than pity; the roses on her cheeks withered to a livid paleness announcing the approaches of death. It soon arrived, and the unfortunate Emily rendered up her soul with the name of Camillus lingering on her tongue in the very moment of dissolution.

The conduct of this unfortunate couple appears too egregiously reprehensible to permit for a moment the possibility of justification: but it will necessarily be a reproach to the parents of Emily, since a little more prudence on their part, would have prevented the destruction of these unfortunate victims, who without the occurrence of this melancholy disappointment must have been worthy of a nobler end.

X. Y Z.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs Editors,

I send you the following problem, which from its singularity will command your attention; and shall be gratified by your proposing it for the inquiry of the curious in mathematical calculation. Yours,

Boston, 16th. Sept. 1807. *A. R.*

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

In latitude 20 d. N. when the sun's declination is 23 d. 28 m. N. the sun's bearing will make the same angle with the meridian four times the same day. The times will be

h.	*m.*	*s.*		
7	39	50	in the forenoon.	nearly.
10	57	30		
1	2	30	in the afternoon.	
4	20	10		

Required the true azimuth, or angle of the sun's bearing with the meridian?

For the Emerald.

THE THESPIAD,

OR

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

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"Praise undeserved is satire in disguise"—

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

THE Theatrical campaign for the season, 1807-8, commenced at Boston on Monday Evening, 15th September, with the Comic Opera of Love in a Village,* and the afterpiece of the Jew and Doctor.† The house on this occasion was respectably filled, and although there was no great assembly of fashion or beauty, (a circumstance not remarkable on a first night's performance) the managers had no reason to be dissatisfied with the company they collected.

The Theatre has apparently undergone few or no alterations since

* This opera the production of I. Bickerstaff, Esq. is not to be admired for any ingenuity of plot or fertility of incident. Young Meadows, the son of Sir William, in apprehension of a match with a girl he had never seen, runs away from his father's house, and assuming the disguise of a gardener, is employed in that capacity by Justice Woodcock. Rosetta, the intended bride, under the influence of a similar romantic delirium, elopes from her father and is employed by the daughter of the Justice as her waiting maid. In this humble situation, the two incogniti fall desperately in love, and the contest between pride and passion, each thinking the other to be a servant

the last season. "An elegant new drop scene painted by Mr. Worrell" was the chief novelty of decoration. It is a perspective view of the State House, Park place, &c. seen through a noble collonade of the corinthian order, and behind a superb open fence-work, which the fancy of the painter has chosen, to decorate his scene. The *coup d'œil* is remarkably fine, and the principal building represented with fidelity. The mixture of fancy with fact, although it adds to the beauty of the scene *as a picture*, and was probably *necessary* from the impossibility of otherwise filling the canvass, diminishes in some degree the pleasure that would be received from a correct representation of this familiar and beautiful spot, which a stranger would contemplate with admiration as the most elegant scenery that nature has exhibited in the great theatre of the Union.

The performers of the last year were severally received with plaudits proportioned to their grades of popularity; and a Mr. Webster, a musi-

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serves to furnish out the play. This outline is filled up by the love of Eustace and Lucinda, and something akin to love between Hodge, (extremely well played by Mr. Bernard,) and Madge, (most ridiculously burlesqued by Mrs. Barnes.) The opera abounds with indelicacies of allusion and double entendres, which appear sometimes with only one meaning, and has only two excuses for being brought forward at this time, after twelve years quiet repose; the one is, that on the first night of a season, the managers could not justly anticipate the company of the ladies; and the other that it abounds with some fine songs, admirably calculated to display the astonishing talents of Mr. Webster. To this gentleman's singing, we listened with admiration and surprise. To a fine, clear and melodious voice, capable of great exertion and compass, and over which he possesses an and easy command, he joins a clear and exact knowledge of harmony, and warbles without any apparent exertion, and with admirable correctness, the most extensive and forcible tones, that ever charmed the ear of an attentive auditory. *Tell her I'll love her*, and *The Rose*, were given with prodigious effect. His abilities as actor are not contemptible; differing in this respect from the generality of vocal performers, who commonly find one branch of the drama, as much as they can attend to.

Mr. Caulfield made the most of Hawthorn, and represented his blunt honesty and cheerfulness with good effect. Dickenson in Justice Woodcock, was *comme il faut*, and Dykes if he had not painted himself "more in imitation of a calf, than a man," might have come in for a better share of praise.

Rosetta by Mrs. Graupner, "her first appearance these four years." (We cannot help laughing at this mountebank trick of our managers, to give the appearance of novelty to a face so old and hacknied,) was received with pleasure. She sings a fine song, she plays generally very well, she is an useful actress, and we are happy to see her again on the stage. Mrs Deborah Woodcock, had the strangest representative that ever come upon the stage. Of all tasteless daubings of of extravagant caricature, we think Mrs. Shaw's personation of this part may be ranked the first.

Of Mr. Vining and Mrs. Usher, we have nothing to remark except that the parts of Eustace and Lucinda were severally assigned to them.

† This is an agreeable and pleasant afterpiece. Its moral is judicious and necessary, its sentiments noble and correct. Mr. Usher in Dr. Specific, made his first bow to the audience and was welcomed with applause, as likewise Mr. Fox in Changeable, tho' we cannot say his merit in the part deserved it. Abednego by Mr. Bernard is a good performance; he is admirable in "the close, economising, generous Jew." A little more familiarity with these parts would prevent an occasional forgetfulness of the dialect, which he sometimes makes English of without reflection: They are parts in which he excels, and we hope often to see him attempt them.

cal recruit "for three nights only" was welcomed with cordiality and applause.

In fact the audience appeared in a humour to be pleased; to pass with a venal eye, the absurdities of ignorance, and the blunders of folly; to accept intention for fact, and pay in advance the tribute of confidence, in hope of a return with generous interest.

One word however to the managers. *What are in fact the novelties of the season?* If, as has been intimated, they consist of occasional recruits, picked up by chance for "three evenings," at a time, let us tell you that it will not be sufficient to satisfy the expectations, or command the patronage of the public. The Theatre in Boston, is universally allowed to be better supported than any other on the continent. This liberality requires a corresponding exertion. Is its only return an occasional song singer, or a single hero in buskin, whose exertions however great, can never be an equivalent for the ennui and disgust attending the lifeless misshapen personations of frivolity and igorance? If it be so, we venture to predict "a beggarly account of empty boxes," a cold neglect of the drama, and the loss of those advantages it should be required to produce. B.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

CONCERNING A MAXIM OF SWIFT.

There are several apothegms which from being neatly expressed are easily remembered, from being easily remembered are frequently repeated, and from being frequently repeated are extremely believed, independently of their consonance with fact. Of this knid is Swift's somewhat misanthropic remark—"Men are grateful in the same degree as they are resentful." In consequence of a personal occurrence, I have been for twenty years in the habit of trying this maxim upon the individuals within my range of observation; but I have hardly ever found it to fit. I am come to think that resentment is rather proportioned to the irritability, but gratitude to the tenacity of the memory; that those who acquire quickly are usually resentful, and those who retain distinctly are usually grateful. I invite a comparison of this very different position with experience. Resentment is a more sudden and violent emotion; gratitude a more permanent and gentle impression. Courageous, selfish, and rude natures are more prone to resentment; cautious, benevolent, and refined natures are more prone to gratitude; men are the more resentful, women the more grateful creatures. To resentment the authentic emotion is fondness, which has also its excesses and its transiency: to gratitude the authentic emotion of envy, which has also its measuredness and its perseverance.

ON THE EPIGRAM.

Sulzer compares an epigram with a monument and its inscription. The first half, he says, should indicate some interesting object; and the second half make an impressive reflection upon it, This distich forms a complete epigram in id a;—

"*Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta marito:*
Hoc pereunte, fugis; hoc fugiente, peris."

Poor Dido! still in either husband crost;
Whose death thy flight, or flight thy death has cost.

It first announces the celebrated Dido as an example of matrimonial misfortune, and then defines with pointed precision in what the misfortune consisted; the incipient verse is as it were the statue, and the concluding verse a characteristic motto.

The following epigram wants the first half; it is necessary to give it a superscription; but it is neat.

ON A WOODY ISLAND.

Hic Cythera tuo poteras cum Marte jacere; Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

Here with her Mars may Venus safely dwell;
Vulcan the waves, and Sol the shades repel.

There is a like deficiency in the following Greek epigram: it is here also necessary to prefix a title:—

ON THE STATUE OF NIOBE.

Alive, the gods could into stone transform;
Of stone, Praxiteles with life inform.

But it is a far greater defect to omit the second part, or point, which is the case with several epigrams in the anthology, and which at first sight appears to be the case in the following German epigram, although it in reality conceals a sharp sting:

You ask an epigram, and on yourself;
My wit is out of joint:
But you can laugh so glibly, so at nothing,
'Twill do without a point.

Of beauty Lydia may have boasted
With reason in her prime,
Perhaps if all the young was toasted
Who liv'd in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of obliging and of sighing,
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying.

NICARCHUS.

The ludicrous introduction of the fictitious nymph Echo, with her courteous replies to the questions of despairing swains, is of every antient fabrication, and suits well with the grotesque image of the sylvan deity. It is thus that Paurades represents a conversation between the nymph and the god:

PAN.—Echo, attend the humble suit I move!—
ECHO. move!
What makes Corisca render scorn for love?— *E* Her love.
What, gentle Echo, may Corisca bribe?— *E* A bribe.
Wilt thou to her my painful toil describe?— *E* I'll describe.
I seek occasion—but she flies me still— *E* Be still.
And can you promise that she'll grant my will? *E* I will.

TO LOVE.

I hate thee, Love! On tygers try
The terrors of thy archery;
A mortal I, and thou divine—
What mighty victory is thine?
The quiet of my heart is lost; [boast.
But thou should'st rather blush than

IT is useful to *every* man to be well grounded in the principles of jurisprudence. It is a branch of science that bids much fairer to enlarge the mind, and give an accuracy of reasoning than all the mathematics in the world.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This bird spends its winter in Lower Egypt. Sonnini saw several in different parts of the Delta, where they prefer the closest covert, and places near the water. Here they do not exert that melodious voice, nor those brillant modulations which make our European groves resound. The only sound they utter here is that kind of hoarse note, that rattling in the throat, which in Europe succeeds their usual strains. They arrive in Egypt in the autumn, and depart in spring. They are, however, perhaps, more freely

dispersed through Syria, and some other distincts of Asia, than Egypt. Sonnini, however, observes that they are sufficiently common in the latter country.—*Sonnini's Travels in Egypt* vol. 2, p. 51.

DOGS.

These animals are so respected by many of the Mahometans, that, in some of the towns in the Levant, large endowments have often been given by will for the maintaining of a certain number of dogs and cats; and at Constantinople there are persons regularly paid to see the intention of the donors put in execution of feeding them in the streets. For this purpose, also, in several of the towns, people station themselves at the corners of the streets to sell victuals for dogs. Some of the Turks, out of charity, have them cured of wounds that they happen accidentally to receive, but particularly of the mange, with which these creatures are here miserably afflicted towards the end of their life. Yet with all this attention and all this charity towards the animals, the Turks have a rooted detestation for them, and in a time of pestilence they kill as many as they can find, imagining that it is these *unclean* creatures which insect the air.—*Tournefort's Voyage into the Levant, vol. ii. p. 62.*

THE STOLEN PIG.

A person of respectability, though of narrow mind, lived in a village where the inhabitants vied with each other to contribute to his pleasure; even when any of them killed a fat pig, they never failed to send some choice part for his acceptance. At last he thought proper to kill one too, and on this occasion gave a striking proof of his parsimonious spirit. On the arrival of the butcher he immediately opened his mind to him by observing, "My good neighbours have so frequently presented me with a share of their fat pigs, when they killed, that I consider myself bound as it were, to return the favour; and I am at a loss how to avoid it." After a pause of a few moments, "Oh," said he, "now I have it; I'll say my pig is stolen." "Aye, do so," replied the butcher, "it is an excellent notion." This was agreed to. The pig was brought forth, killed, and hung up in the kitchen, there to remain till the next morning, in order to be cut up.—The butcher having informed himself of the disposition of his employer, and thinking he might play his part in concert with his friends, repaired in the night to Gripeall's kitchen, and bore off the prize. In the morning he went to the house to finish his work, and as he expected, meets the owner of the pig in a most violent rage at his loss.—"Heyday, what is the matter, said the butcher. "I have lost my pig; some villain has stolen the fine animal; what shall I do?" "That's right," said the butcher, placing his finger to his nose, and assuming an arch look, "That's right, you'll do; egad you do it well." "But it is *really* stolen," said the man. "Stick to that," said the butcher, "and you'll do. I really never saw a man act his part so nicely as you; I'll be bound for it, there is not a person in the village who will not believe you to be in earnest."

On a lady and her Picture.

ORIGINAL, and Copy, too,
Seem closely with the ART acquainted;
The likeness, therefore, is quite true,
For both are—*very highly painted.*

To a Poet.

WHY, still so anxious, friend of mine,
To seek the mystic aid of NINE?
Thy prospect, and thy Patron gone,
'Tis time to think of Number ONE.

The worst of Foes.

NO, *Varus* hates a thing that's base,
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

The following story in Pausanias is as romantic in its circumstances, and worked-up in the pastoral style of the writers of later days, might make as interesting an Arcadian drama as th

Aminta of Tasso or the Pastora Fido of Guarini.

Among the priests of Bacchus, while the city of Calydon yet stood, was one named Corœsus, who loved the beautiful virgin Callirhoe with the most ardent passion. He long wooed her with unremitting perseverance; he employed every art of persuasion, he exhausted every effort of fancy, to win her heart; but the more violent his attachment grew, the more averse was she to listen to his prayers; and the more earnest the solicitations he used, the more cruel and determined was her repulse. In vain did he pursue her day and night like a shadow. In vain did he renew every art that had failed him before. His prayers, his tears, his pursuit, all were in vain. At length he poured out his soul in prayer to the deity whom he served to turn the heart of his cruel tyrant, to make her at length feel the force of his paasion, and see the barbarity of her own neglect. The God heard him, and to grant the request of his beloved servant did all that Bacchus could do. The people of Calydon were suddenly seized with an epidemic frenzy which raged among them, and resembled in its effects the most violent paroxysms of drunkenness. Numbers perished daily in raving-fits. No cure could be found for the disease, which increased continually both in violence and extent. In this extremity, such among the citizens as yet retained the use of their reason consulted the oracle by means of their holy vases which they kept in their temple, and which were the consecrated messengers between them and the divinity. The winged ambassadors began their journey through the air, nor rested till they alighted on the tall oaks of Dodona. They delivered faithfully the object of their mission, and soon returned to Calydon with the answer of Jove, which required that a noble virgin should be sacrificed to appease the offended deities. The loveliest maids of the city were assembled in the temple, and the fatal lot fell on the loveliest of them all, the cruel Callirhoe. The appointed day arrived. The devoted victim was led before the altar of Bacchus. As yet it was unknown to all but those in whose presence the lots had been cast who was the unhappy virgin destined to propitiate the offended Heavens. It fell to the lot of Corœsus to immolate the victim; but when he approached the altar, a sudden trembling seized on all his frame; he hastily tore off the white veil which yet concealed the face of his Callirhoe. But the die was cast, and what had been done was now irrevocable. He lifted the fatal knife to strike, but found it impossible to execute his purpose. At length with one desperate effort he plunged it, not into the bosom of his Callirhoe, but his own, and died instantly at the feet of her he loved. His tragical end produced the effect which all the exertions of his life had failed to accomplish. The heart of the virgin was turned, and the object of the God being accomplished, his anger ceased. But Callirhoe did not long survive her unhappy lover; she fell into a deep melancholy for his death, and thence into madness, and soon afterwards drowned herself in a neighbouring spring, which received its name from her.

TO READERS.

The "Founder of a Family" *will make his third appearance the next week. An apology would be necessary for the length of the story as a selection if it was not recommended to attention as an excellent specimen of narrative satire.*

POETRY.

The following Lines were copied from the wainscot of a Bailiff's lock-up room, in Birmingham. The writer unknown.

In this chill gloom, where Pity never smil'd,
To soothe the woes of Misery's pallid child?
Where the mild balsam of the summer air,
Ne'er came to cool the fever of despair?
Ev'n here a breast once fraught with proud desire,
Once glowing with the flame of freedom's fire;
A being who had thron'd him on delight,
Whose voice contemptuous mock'd misfortune's night;
Who once had shared the bliss of life's brief day,
Who welcom'd joy, and dreamt not of dismay;
Here felt the pangs of mis'ry's fierce controul,
And clasp'd the fiend of ruin to the soul.

Whoever thou, sad tenant of this gloom,
Read in these mounful lines a brother's doom;
Basely betray'd—he yet his sighs represt,
Nor pour'd the wrongs that rankled in his breast:
Too proud the injuries of his heart to own,
He nurtur'd mis'ry in his stiffled groan;
Despair her chill fires from his eyelids flung,
And silence sat upon his palsied tongue;
Yet once—'twas Phrenzy ruled the fated hour,
Feeling uncheck'd usurp'd her harrowing pow'r;
With all the past to mock his madd'ning thought,
And all the present with destruction fraught;
Ev'n in that hour he nurs'd his bosom's pride,
Curst the dark moment of his birth, and died!

THE MISANTHROPE.

Welcome thou blasting storm!
That, bursting, wrecks the peasant's humble hope,
Thou showest me Nature in congenial form,
And rend'st a world to joy a Misanthrope.

Each fire-flash transport gives,
And dark delight each thundering peal inspires;
It seems as Hell was swallowing all that lives,
And gulphing Nature in eternal fires.

Yet once this bosom glow'd
With ev'ry generous impulse youth can raise,
Fresh-blooming Hope illumin'd life's dark road,
And smiling Pleasures seem'd to court my ways.

But soon the Tempest's gloom
In leaden clouds enwrapt each joy-gilt scene;
Smooth fawning Treachery lur'd me to my doom,
And stamp'd my curse on all the sons of men!

Power of the blasting Storms!
Pour on each mortal head the lightning's rage!
Give Nature to her elemental form,
And blot the world from thy recording page!

EPIGRAMS.

The Pretty Vixen.

When foam'd the dashing waves, and winds were high,
From ocean, surely, Venus-like, you sprung;
For I can bear the light'ning of your eye,
But who can bear the thunder of your tongue?

Another to the Same.

With angel-face, and faultless form
How strange! that you're not to my liking;
Yet, when you cuff your spouse, and storm,
I own your beauty,—*vastly striking!*

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